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**I** HOPE we're not too late to see anything."

Fred Horton lounged back in his seat in the gasoline launch while his eyes rested speculatively on the low bulk of Mt. Kilauea above great Hawaii Island. Another hour of the busy sputtering of the launch and they would make the landing, from whence the road led to the volcano.

"I wouldn't worry any," rejoined his cousin, Lance Gregory. "When the old lady gets riled up she's likely to stay in her tantrums long enough. We may see more than we want to. Henio can tell you more about that than I can."

Henio, a brown, lithe Hawaiian lad of about their own age, glanced up with a look that was more than half serious. My grandfather has told me the stories of the long rages of the Lady Pele, but of course people are saying they are not true any more."

"Lady Pele?" inquired Fred. He had newly arrived from the States to visit his cousin, whose father was superintendent of a sugar plantation behind Honolulu, and everything was new and strange to him.

"The goddess of the mountain," Lance explained. The natives used to think that when she got mad she blew clouds of smoke from her nostrils and tossed out rocks andinders."

"She is very terrible," added Henio in an undertone.

"Surely you don't believe those old superstitions," insisted Fred.

Henio looked away to where the low black cloud cap of the mountain twisted and eddied in the uneven currents from below. A bolt of vivid lightning struck through the pile.

"Who knows?" he answered at last.

"It's ridiculous! I don't see how people ever got such ridiculous notions in their heads!"

## THE WRATH OF LADY PELE

By Austin F. Lewis

Lance laughed a little at his cousin's heat. "Take it easy, Fred," he advised him. "You can't expect a race to forget all their old ideas in one or two generations. I think it's rather poetic too, thinking of the volcano that way. Henio, let's hear some of the things they used to do to keep the old lady in a good humor."

The Hawaiian hesitated for a moment, but Lance had been his friend for a long time and his classmate in high school, so with an enigmatic glance at Fred he began: "My people lived on this island till after I was born. I was too young to remember, but they used to tell me things that happened—some things that their fathers and grandfathers had known very long ago. Once each year they made a grand procession up to the lip of the crater, and a pig crowned with flowers was thrown in as a sweet morsel for Lady Pele. Then she would be satisfied and would sleep for another year. But if anyone should be wicked and throw in the big poisonous fungus ball, Pele would be very angry and shake herself and storm."

"And did anyone ever do that?" Fred inquired.

"Once. Our king was a very good and peaceful ruler, but the king of another island thought of nothing but blood, and came in a great fleet of boats to kill our people. He worshiped the shark god, and he was as cruel as a shark. Our people could not stand before him, and we lost many men in a terrible fight by the seashore. The rest with the women and children, ran away to the hills beyond the mountain. The sea king was to follow them, but first he thought to show his triumph over our goddess. So he sent and had the black fungus ball and a necklace of sharks' teeth thrown into the crater.

"It was a very foolish thing to do. Pele lay as quiet as a witch till the army was well in her grasp on its march along the side of the mountain. Then she blazed out with fire. Rocks and ashes fell all about, and rivers of melted stone ran like water. The cruel king was burned, and not one-fourth of his force escaped again to their boats. So that is the way of Lady Pele."

"Quite a yarn," said Fred.

It was with some difficulty that they had got the consent of Lance's father to make the trip; but the mountain was reported to be lapsing again into inactivity, the weather bureau predicted continued good weather and, not least important, the young Hawaiian, who knew all the moods of the sea, had consented to go along. It had been a glorious trip, and now that they were near their landing place, their interest stirred to new eagerness.

When they had docked their little vessel, they strapped their outfits on their backs and started. It was to be a hiking trip all the way. After the long confinement in the boat they were glad to stretch their





legs once more. The road led through great fields of sugar-cane; some of the newly-set shoots were only a few inches tall. In other fields the thick round stalks fifteen feet in height were ready for harvesting. Above the sugar lands was the pineapple belt, and then the uncleared forest. There among the fern trees and the giant-leaved wild figs the boys camped for the night. Their tiny campfire made a ruddy spot against the dark background of the trees.

The next morning they were up and traveling in the early morning freshness, winding up the easy grade till the forest growth gave way to a wide rolling plain of ancient lava beds.

As they were leaving the wooded area Heuio stopped and pointed to the base of a tree. "There," he said, "is the fungus ball that is hateful to Lady Pele."

Fred bent to examine it curiously, then plucked it and put it into his pocket. "Maybe the old lady will sniff this in my pocket and put on a side show for our special benefit."

"Don't," pleaded Heuio. "It is not well to take risks."

"Risks!" jeered Fred. "It's nothing but a mess of superstition. I don't suppose that I'll get close to the edge of the crater, but if I do I'll dump the thing in just to show there's nothing to it."

"Don't worry, Heuio," interposed Lance; "he won't get within a mile of the crater."

Heuio was silent.

"If old Pele doesn't get me when I insult her," said Fred, "will you forget all that nonsense, Heuio?"

Still the Hawaiian boy remained silent; he looked worried.

As they advanced they could see all about them evidences of the recent eruption. A light layer of "ashes," dust-like pulverized rock, covered the ground. At the volcano house the scientists were advising a knot of questioning excursionists. There was no certainty that the present inactivity would continue, they said, and there was risk in going closer. However, the military prohibition had been relaxed, and one could do as one liked.

"Let's go," urged Fred. "We'll never have another chance like this."

"We'll go a little farther and see how things look," agreed Lance. "But there's no sense in taking big risks."

As they drew nearer they could see light clouds of steam and gases sifting up hazily from the depths of the mountain.

"Here I stop," said the Hawaiian. "It is not well to come nearer the Lady Pele when she is awake."

"I think Heuio is right," added Lance. "Let's call it a day."

"Not I! I'm going to get as close as I can." Fred pushed forward, and Lance against his better judgment followed.

Heuio folded his arms across his chest

## The Story of a Daisy

By Emma Florence Bush

ONCE upon a time a sweet little daisy grew in a corner of a meadow close to an old rail fence. She was all alone, no other daisy was near her, and the grass and weeds were so tall and thick they almost choked her; she couldn't even peep between the rails of the old fence to see what was on the other side.

Often she was lonely, but she did not despair. Her bright golden eye smiled up to the sun as he kissed her gently with his beams. She watched the clouds as they floated above her, and all the time deep down in her little daisy heart was the firm resolve that she would conquer those old weeds yet.

The bees and the butterflies often visited her. They told how dainty white were her frills, and how sweet the honey in her golden heart. The birds perched near her, sometimes on her stalk, and swung to and fro, singing words of encouragement, as slowly she began to push her head up, until at last she could look over the weeds and grasses, and see between the rails of the old fence.

Then the daisy was happy, for she could see all that was going on in the meadow—the flowers that bloomed, the insects that made their home among them, the birds, and the tiny field mice that lived there.

All summer long she ripened her seeds in the warm sunshine and scattered them as far as she could, until at last when the cold days came, tired out with her summer's work, she went to sleep.

Some years had passed since the little daisy grew in the corner by the old rail fence, when one beautiful summer's day an artist came to the daisy's corner. It was so beautiful he stopped in surprise. Hundreds and hundreds of daisies welcomed him. There were no weeds and grasses left, nothing but rows and rows, and clusters and clusters of snow-white daisies with golden hearts. Daisies were

everywhere; they peeped at him from between the rails, they smiled at him from over the fence, they nodded to him as the west wind kissed them, and danced in the gentle breeze.

The daisies and the old rail fence made such a pretty sight that the artist brought his easel, and painted a picture of the corner and sent it to the great city. He had tried hard for years, but somehow he never had succeeded in having a picture exhibited; now he determined to try once more with the daisy corner.

Soon he received word that his picture was accepted and would hang on the walls of the great salon.

Many people came to look at it, and to admire it, it was so simple and sweet; and at last, a great man came along and looked at it.

"I must have it," he said to the artist. "It makes me think of the meadow near my boyhood's home."

So he purchased it and hung it in his great house, and whenever he was tired and weary with his efforts to make the world better, he would go to the room where the picture hung and think he saw again the meadow where he played as a boy; then, rested and refreshed, he would go back to his work again.

At last he succeeded in righting a great wrong, and people loved him for it, and his name was spoken all over the land.

When people came to visit him he would show them the picture of the daisy corner, and say, "Whenever I was weary and discouraged, I always came to this picture, and I would see again the home of my boyhood and remember the lessons my mother taught me and with renewed strength would go out into the world to fight against the wrong."

But the great man never knew, any more than the little daisy herself, that if the little flower had not bloomed in the fence corner and tried her best, the picture would never have been painted, the wrong would never have been righted, and a great work would have been lost to the world.

and, standing as still and straight as a statue, watched them go.

A quarter of a mile farther they came to the rim of the ancient crater down the steep and broken face of which the almost obliterated trail zigzagged to the old plain floor, which extended almost level to the lip of the active crater. Without hesitation Fred started down the precipitous trail.

"Come back," called Lance. "It's foolhardy to go any farther."

"Who's afraid?" Fred answered with-slackening his pace.

As he reached the bottom he paused to wave at his cousin. "Lance is a good scout, but too scary," he said to himself.

He did not realize that it was not fear,

but the realization that he could be of more help in time of need watching from above that had kept his cousin from coming with him. Soon Fred had enough to think about in picking his way across the fire-cracked plain. The air was hot and heavy with the fumes of sulphur. Before long the warmth on the soles of his feet told him that the glossy rocks he walked on were also hot. From numerous vent holes lazy wisps of gas were curling up. Before he had gone half the distance Fred would have liked to turn back, but his pride held him—that and the desire to prove the Hawaiian superstition groundless by casting in the fungus ball. On he went, and the rocks became hotter and hotter under his feet. Now he was only a stone's throw



**A**FTER Homens, King Primivir's Chief Counselor, found and tamed the Red Imp and made of him a household servant the King was quite happy for a long time. Everything went well; the people learned to make different kinds of houses and better clothing. They also composed stories and songs and wrote them down to keep.

But there were four mighty Birds that flew over and over the earth and were the subject of much interest and wonder. No one had ever seen them, but all had heard their cries and felt the motion of their enormous wings. Many feared these Birds; no one had tamed them, and King Primivir longed to feel that, like the cows and the horses, they were subject to his will. So he called the wise Chief Counselor and made known his wish.

"Think of some way," he commanded, "by which we can tame these prodigious things."

"Nobody knows where they live, your Majesty."

"Well, you must find out. I want you to teach them to sing a different tune; their music is too melancholy; they often keep me awake by it."

"I'll try, your Majesty," Homens replied, though he felt doubtful.

"Very well. Another thing, Homens; those Birds are strong."

"I should say so, your Majesty! Why, they clawed off the roof of the Baker-in-Ordinary's cottage last week!"

"Exactly! It was just that thing that determined me to settle them without delay. And they got inside the palace and scattered the leaves of my journal—think of it, a King's diary! Oh, they must learn to know their place—and the sooner the better—and to use their strength to better purpose."

So the wise and wonderful Chief Counselor retired to his chamber to turn the matter over in his wise and wonderful brain. He was there all of a day and a night. Then he got leave of absence for a while and went up into the near-by mountain where the four huge Birds often resorted. When he heard them flying above him and moaning and crying as usual he called out:

"Come, show yourselves! The King has sent you a message by me."

"Not much!" cried the biggest Bird, who was named Nordvent. "If we choose to remain invisible, that is our privilege, and not even the King can make us reveal ourselves. Too many things can only show themselves; they have nothing at all to say, much less anything to do!"

"Who, for instance?" said the Chief

## King Primivir's Conquests

By Julia Boynton Green

### CHAPTER II

#### THE TAMING OF THE GREAT BIRDS



#### CHARACTERS

KING PRIMIVIR

HOMENS—The King's Chief Counselor

NORVENT—The Biggest Bird, and three others

Counselor. "You must have some one in mind."

"Well, there are the flowers—of no use in the world whatever! They stand there in rows and look too self-satisfied for anything. They can't move a peg from their roots, and they can't say a word. Now we can all sing!"

"Glad you mentioned it," exclaimed the Chief Counselor, "for that was one thing I came to talk about. He doesn't like your music."

"He! Who?"

"Why, the King of course. He says it makes him lonesome and homesick and sort of creepy-crawly, and that you must learn something more cheerful."

"Oh, indeed! Why, those are the same old tunes we've always sung!"

"That's just the point; they're too old; we're tired to death of them."

"No nobody ever objected before."

"Not that you know of, you mean. But this is a King, a high and mighty potentate, you understand. And when he says your songs are dismal and old-fashioned you just better hustle and practice something more to his taste."

"But how can we? We are pretty old Birds to learn new songs."

"Well, I've worked that all out; I can teach you. And you mustn't sing so much at night when his Majesty wants to sleep; you keep him awake. There's another thing; the King is tired of your schoolboy tricks, and he says you've got to work."

"Work! Little he knows about it; we have more business on hand now than fifty Birds could handle."

"Well, it's not his business, and now you've got to work for him."

"What does he want us to do?"

"He hasn't just decided. I haven't arranged all the details, but we'll find some useful employment presently to keep you out of mischief."

"We'll never submit, never! We have been free all our lives, and we'll never come and go at any one's beck and call. Besides, as I told you, we have plenty of work of our own to do—so much that no wonder you hear us moan and sigh about it!"

"Well, Birds, you'd better submit; whatever the King says goes, and it's folly to object. In three moons I'll have my plans made; and then I will meet you again and teach you your new duties."

As the Birds protested again that they would never be the slaves of any king they roared so in his ears and buffeted him so hard with their wings that for a few minutes he was out of breath and really scared.

Then the Chief Counselor was obliged to use his last resort. This was a magic that he alone knew how to work, and when he had worked it there was an end to all the fuss. The Birds promised to do their best and went off, whimpering a little at the thought of their lost independence.

Well, the upshot of it was that, though the Birds were sometimes obstinate and hard to manage and occasionally would go on a wild spree and do a lot of damage, yet at the end of twelve moons Homens had taught them to go at his pleasure into cages and sing most beautifully when he bade them. Then he built a big cage into which he could make them all go and sing together, and when the King heard them he well-nigh wept for delight.

Homens also taught Nordvent and his powerful brothers to draw water for the King, to grind his corn and to carry people and great cargoes across wide oceans. These things made his Majesty very proud and happy for many busy, contented years. But his nature was ambitious, and by and by he saw other fields to invade and conquer.

(To be continued)

away and presently could peer over the dreadful rim.

At that moment the earth began to move and tremble. Like some shaggy animal, the mountain roused and shook itself. All desire for closer approach at once left

Fred. Hurling his fungus ball wildly toward the crater, he turned and sped back toward the higher ground.

There was need for haste. The lazily smoking vents were spurting forth jets of live steam and gas. They bit at his legs

as he ran leaping from block to block. The sulphur-tainted air grew heavier and behind him sounded a rumbling roar.

On and on he ran, with the blood pounding in his veins and lungs almost bursting.

(Continued on page 208)



## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### A Strange School

BY THE EDITOR

IN India there is a school for boys that is probably like no other school on earth. The master is the great Indian philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore. He loves his boys,—there is no doubt about that,—and the more mischievous they are, the better he likes them.

That seems hard to believe; nevertheless it is true. This is how the master writes of his school: "When I started it I was fortunate in having almost all the naughty boys from the neighborhood. I never used any coercion or punishment. Most of us think that in order to punish boys who are wicked a restraint of their freedom is necessary. But restriction itself is the cause of nature's going wrong. When mind and life are given full freedom they achieve health.

"I adopted the system of freedom-cure, if I can give it the name. The boys were allowed to run about, to climb difficult trees and often to come to grief in their falls. They would get drenched out in the rain; they would swim in the pond. Through nature's own method a cure came to these boys who were considered wholly bad, and when they returned home their parents were surprised to find the immense change effected."

What an interesting school, especially at the start, when the difficult boys are doing all sorts of things they ought not to do! Gradually, however, as the term wears on, they become less unruly and begin to take an interest in their lessons, until at the end of the year they are "good boys."

What can we learn from all this? First of all, the lesson of tolerance; don't be too severe. Second, the lesson of patience; learn to wait for the good that you know will come. And third, the lesson of faith.

There is good in most things; we must have faith in that belief. Some of those boys, remember, were considered "wholly bad," but when they returned home "their parents were surprised to find the immense change effected."

### Sunbeam School

BY J. ELMER RUSSELL

SUNBEAM SCHOOL is the name of a new school in Cleveland, Ohio, where 168 crippled children are instructed. It is a one-story building and cost \$470,000.

Back of this new building lies the story of a beautiful ministry on the part of fourteen girls from eight to ten years of age, twenty-five years ago. This group of girls was known as the "Sunbeam Circle." They were eager to do something for boys and girls who were crippled, and finally they held a sale of articles of handiwork to buy braces and other articles which would be of help to those who were physically handicapped, together with toys and books.

In 1900, as the outgrowth of the interest of these girls in crippled children, a kindergarten was established at a community house, and a year later an elementary school was begun. Ten years later the Board of Education of the city of Cleveland took over the work and a building was erected for the crippled, where sixty-three boys and girls received elementary training.

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## CHANGES

By GABRIELA MISTRAL of Chile

*Translated from the Spanish by Alice Stone Blackwell*

I do not want my little girl  
To turn into a swallow.  
Into the sky it flies away;  
My call it would not follow.  
It builds its nest beneath the eaves;  
I could not stroke it there.  
I do not want my child to be  
A swallow of the air!

I do not want my little girl  
A princess grand to be.  
In golden slippers could she play  
Out in the meadows free?

She would not lie down by my side  
When comes the quiet night.  
I do not want my little girl  
To be a princess bright!

And less, still less do I desire  
That they a queen should make her,  
For they would set her on a throne  
And far from me would take her.  
I could not rock her in my arms  
When comes the night serene.  
I do not want my little girl  
To change into a queen!

## Titus Winchester

BY MAUD MARTIN GIFFORD

ABOUT one hundred years ago, in the old town of Sandwich, Massachusetts, Parson Williams sat at sunset by his study window overlooking the great marshes as the tide was coming in. He was musing on his old campaigning days, when he was chaplain in the great Revolution, and thinking of the lessons that he had learned from Washington and Jefferson. He remembered their love of freedom and their hatred of human slavery.

He looked at Titus, his slave boy, son of the old Titus, whom he had inherited from his father. Old Titus had been his body servant during his campaigns, and young Titus was caring for him during his old age.

As the boy helped him down the stairs to the supper table the old parson thought: "What would happen to Titus if I should die and leave him a slave?"

Suddenly he turned and said: "Well, Titus, I've been thinking of giving you your freedom as a birthday present on your twenty-first birthday, which comes tomorrow."

Titus, surprised, exclaimed, "No, master, who would take care of you? You're all alone!"

The old parson again fell to musing and said no more concerning the matter.

After supper, Jonas Lapham, his old comrade-in-arms, dropped in for their evening game of checkers. Parson Williams was usually the winner of the evening, but tonight, Jonas won steadily. Finally he began to make merry over his winning, saying, "If this had been the way you fought at Trenton, the night had been lost!"

The old parson smiled and, leaning back in his great wing chair, said: "I'm afraid, Jonas, that my mind is on other things tonight. I'm thinking that if anything should happen to me, Titus might be sold, and there's no telling who might buy him. Think of old Leonidas Perry as his master! He has tried several times to buy him from me. I'm thinking of making out his manumission papers."

Jonas slapped his knee. "Strike while the iron is hot," he said. "There's no time like the present. I am a justice; I can make them out this minute, if that is what is letting me win so easily at checkers."

The two old men made out the papers, and the parson rose and placed them in his desk with his will. A few minutes later Titus came in with his usual tray of delicacies for the two friends.

After Jonas had said good-night and Titus was helping him with his coat in the hall below the servant said, "Do you think old master is well, sir?"

"Of course the old master is failing,



## THE BOOKSHELF

There was once a cobbler who loved to whistle. He was very happy in his little shop. His merry whistle brought gladness to the hearts of passers-by—and also to the heart of his wife. What a happy little family they were!

Then one day Mr. Whistle, as folks called him, kissed his wife good-by and went for a long walk. And what do you suppose he found? A bag of gold!

When he reached home with it his wife was asleep. He decided to hide the gold. Where? Ah, that was the question. If he put it in one place, robbers might find it; if he put it in another, his wife might find it; if he put it in a third place, he might forget where it was. So he took it to his cobbler's bench and sat on top of it all night long!

"Come for your breakfast," his wife called, next morning.

But he wouldn't stir from the bench; he was afraid some one would find the gold. It was the same way at dinner, and at supper—and for days and days. The poor cobbler was so worried about his gold that he stopped whistling. His wife grew sad, and finally she became ill.

Then the cobbler told her his secret.

"Take it away!" she cried. "I don't want gold, I want to hear you whistle."

He followed her advice; she speedily recovered, and they were happy once more. And the cobbler mended so many shoes and whistled so many tunes that when your shoes creak you can make up your mind it's the echo of his whistle tucked away inside them.

That is the story of the Bag of Gold in an attractive book of short stories entitled "That's That." There are many other stories quite as good as the Bag of Gold, and there are interesting and amusing illustrations to match. THAT'S THAT. Beth A. Retner. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$1.50 net.

Titus, but I guess we'll have him with us for some time yet," Jonas replied.

The next morning Titus went in to waken his master, who did not answer when spoken to. Frightened, Titus ran for Jonas, and as the two stood by the bedside Jonas turned and said, "Well, boy, your old master is gone."

After the will was read and all affairs settled Titus began to think of what he should do with his freedom. Finally, he decided to go to sea. For years he served as an able seaman, laying something up each year.

When he died and his will was read it was found that he had left a goodly sum to the old First Parish Church as a fund to be used in helping to support its ministers. A second sum was to be used to place a clock in the church tower as a memorial to Parson Williams.

Here is a thick, well-illustrated book with a pretty cover—"Barbara Winthrop at Boarding School," by Helen K. Broughall. Older girls will be interested in Barbara and her friends at the San Madero School in California. They will be interested to know that for years and years boarding school had been Barbara's DREAM. ("It just has to be capitalized," she wrote to her chum, Peggy, "for it is the biggest milestone so far in my life.")

Barbara finds boarding school finer even than she had expected—so fine indeed that when the term ends it is rather a sad occasion for everyone.

Barbara is in the automobile on her way to the station. Looking back at the school as the motor sped down the long, white driveway, she thought of the first day when she had arrived with Miss Warren. She thought of the verse that had come into her mind then:

"But there's sure a way to the House of Dreams,  
To the House of Dreams-Come-True;  
We shall find it yet, ere the sun has set,  
If we fare straight on, come fair, come wet,  
Wayfarers, I and you."

Barbara stood on the observation platform of the eastbound train. Katharine and Betsy, on another, bound for El Paso, were to leave a few minutes later, while Jo and her father, who were to stay over a few days, were with a group of Barbara's friends, waiting the few minutes until the train pulled out of the station.

Out there beyond the horizon were Mother, Daddy and Peggy waiting—and here were the characters who had played on her stage of "The Dream-Come-True."

"There! They are signaling to start," Bob cried out.

"Don't forget to write, Babs,—you either, Eleanor," shrieked Jo above the din and clamor of the station.

"Give my love to your mother, Barbara."

"Yes, I will—and, General Marchand, tell Jack that the suite sends thanks for those lovely flowers he sent us."

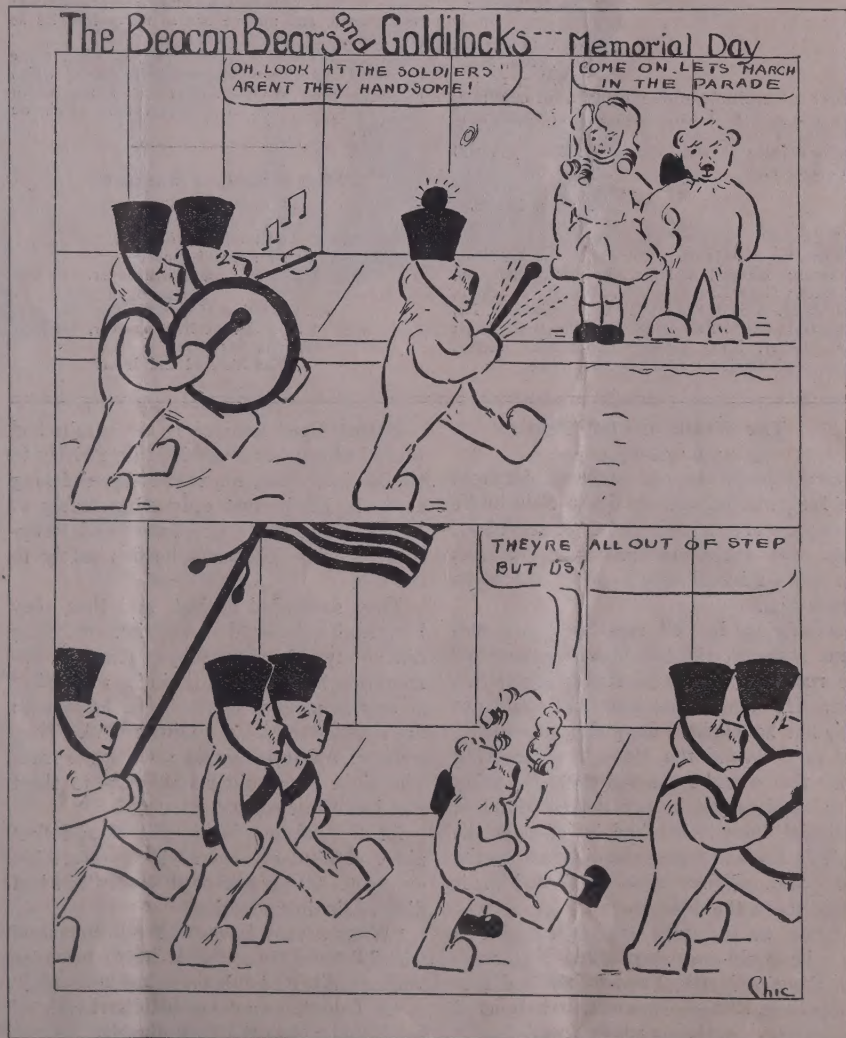
"Oh! We're going."

"Good-by, Jo."

"Good-by, Babs."

"No,—not good-by—just 'Till we meet again.'"

BARBARA WINTHROP AT BOARDING SCHOOL. Helen K. Broughall. The Page Company, Boston.







Dear Letter Writers:—

Here is a fine chance to be generous! Any old books or papers, yes, and letters also—Tyler B. Tyson will be delighted to receive them. He writes:

ANSONVILLE, N. C.,  
Box 221,  
April 6, 1925.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am twelve years old and would like to become a member of The Beacon Club and receive a button. My sister and my crippled brother belong to the Club and wear their buttons. I go to school; I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Annie Calson, and my Sunday-school teacher is Miss Winnie Lily; she is a very nice teacher.

I am a member of the Pleasant Hill Baptist Church. I will be glad if some one would correspond with me, as times are so hard, we just can't get reading, so I will be glad if some one will send me some good books—any kind, new or old.

I hope you will like my letter, and that I have not written too much. I will close with much love to all.

Your Friend,  
TYLER B. TYSON.

77 NO. ASH STREET,  
BROCKTON, MASS.  
April 7, 1925.

Dear Miss Buck:—Some children of my class have got pins, so I am asking you to please send me one. I go to the Unitarian Church, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Delano. I hope you will send it soon.

Your Friend,  
MARION KEENE.

OTHER NEW MEMBERS OF THE CLUB ARE:  
Massachusetts—Robert Holmes, 26 Laurie Ave., Abington; Richard Holmes, 37 West Elm St., Brockton; Ruth Keene, 77 No. Ash St., Brockton. Hilda M. Wright, School St., Charlestown, N. H.; Myra Bliss Clark, East Park Ave., Vineland, N. J.; Jane Decker, Mary Decker, and Elaine Decker, all of 2136 Seminole Ave., Detroit, Mich.

### The Wrath of Lady Pele

(Continued from page 205)

Another quake that almost threw him from his feet, and savage old Lady Pele broke loose; a storm of ash and rock fell about him. The ash stung his hands and face, but quite miraculously none of the rocks struck him.

Stumbling, he fell and lay for a moment stunned, till the blistering heat of the rocks brought him struggling to his feet. He was weaker now and could not run, but he plodded doggedly on, expecting each second the blow from crashing stone that would mean the end. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw a huge cloud of yellowish brown that had boiled over the crater's lip and was spreading across the fire plain. When that reached him it would mean the finish!

Again he stumbled and fell, and this time he could not rise. Was that some one shouting? Oh, Lance! He had forgotten him. There he was at the base of the incline, running at his best speed.

Dear Cubs:—

There is nothing like a kind friend to point out our faults and help us correct them. Anna C. Withington's essay on "Faultfinding" carries off first honors this week. Probably few of you spend much time finding fault, but you'll be interested in Anna's essay just the same. Jennie Barholm, of Fitchburg, Mass., takes the prize for verse. She sings of summer.

### Faultfinding

BY ANNA C. WITHINGTON (Age 11)

Many excellent persons pass many hours of sadness and weariness of heart. The fault is not with their happenings nor yet with their character, but with themselves.

These people wait for happiness to come instead of going out and looking for it; and while they wait they worry over borrowed troubles. The least annoyance bothers them, and they never seem to know pleasure because they never get ready to enjoy it. The weather is never as it should be, and the winds blow too high or too low for them. The streets are too muddy or too dusty. Something is sure to be wrong. Their home is not a good one, their neighbors are unpleasant, their street is not good, and no one has so many troubles as they have.

Let grumblers and fretters form a select circle by themselves. There are two things about which we should never grumble. The first is, that which we cannot help, and the second, that which we can help.

### Sing a Song of Summer

BY JENNIE BARHOLM  
Sing a song of summer  
And the happy flowers;  
Sing a song of sunshine  
Through the golden hours.

Always sing of gladness  
Through the livelong year,  
Even in December,  
When it's cold and drear.

Before Fred realized it his cousin had picked him up and carried him swiftly to the incline. But, oh, that steep and long ascent! Fred could only cling feebly to Lance's neck while he panted and struggled to bring his heavy burden safely to the top.

They succeeded at last, and then they both sank exhausted on the rim. But they did not remain there long. Thus far the mountain had been gentle in its wrath, but at any moment it might break loose with fire and destruction for miles round. They were up and tottering back along the trail. The sight of Hewio running up to them was indeed welcome.

At the volcano house they found first aid, and Fred was soon lying comfortably on a cot. The anger of the mountain had died again in muttering.

"What a fool I was!" Fred whispered with blistered lips. "If it hadn't been for you fellows, I'd be down in that pit still!"

"It doesn't pay to tempt the wrath of Lady Pele," said the Hawaiian boy.

THINK HARD NOW!

A contributor, Priscilla Wood, sends in the following anagram and enigma:

### ANAGRAM

(Blank spaces to contain words spelled differently but pronounced the same)

He who carried the — was a — boy.

### ENIGMA

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 11, 9, 14, 15, 11, 4 is the first name of a famous president.

My 5, 19, 16, 18 is an impersonal pronoun.

My 6, 10, 11, 12 is way up.

My 3, 2, 1, 23, 22, 20 is a kind of ball game.

My 21, 8, 10, 24, 24, 17 is what a dog does when he smells something good.

My 24, 10, 13 is a lie.

My 5, 19, 7 is yours.

My whole is one of the Ten Commandments.

### WORD SQUARE

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

1. An admixture.
2. Not tight.
3. Collected sayings of Jesus.
4. A species of willow.
5. To long for.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 33

BOOKWORM PROBLEM—640 pages. Here is the explanation. The volumes were standing in the usual order, one, two, three. That means that page one of volume one is next to page 640 of volume two, and that page one of volume two is next to page 670 of volume three. So the worm, in going from page one of volume one to page 670 of volume three, did not have to go through those volumes at all. Draw a diagram of the books and see how clear it is.

THE COST OF A BOOK—The binding costs twenty-five cents. The book alone costs \$2.25, or two dollars more than the binding. Added together, they give us the cost of the book in the binding,—\$2.50.

### Connecting Squares

UPAS	POLL
PAST	OHIO
ASIA	LION
STARLING	LONESOME
IRON	OMEN
NORA	MEAD
GNAT	ENDS

### Missing Animals

Ape (a pet).  
Camel (came long).  
Ermine (ber mine).  
Goat (go at).  
Lamb (chamber).  
Beaver (be averse).  
Bear (be a real).  
Llama (all a man).  
Sable (is able).

VERSE CHARADE—Furniture.